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Sonnets  
of  
San Francisco  
in Swingtime  
and  
Other Poems

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*"For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument that makes a poem, — a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own. . . . For the experience of each new age requires a new confession."*

—Emerson.



"For it is not matter, but a matter-thing  
argument that makes a poem, — a thought  
to passions and ideas, that like the form  
of a plant or an animal, it has an organic  
life of its own. . . . For the expression of  
each new age requires a new confession."  
— Emerson







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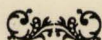




POET'S PRAYER

Dear God—make me say simply  
The things I have to say,  
And help me to be worthy—  
This, most of all, I pray:  
Then I may find the comfort  
That to the heart will speak.  
Almighty God—deliver me  
From words that strain and creak.

Grant that I may see truly,  
No blandishments condone;  
Help me to give hope to hearts  
Bewildered as my own;  
And if I lose the vision—  
Lay down my futile pen!  
Kind Father—keep me silent  
Until You speak again.





## SAN FRANCISCO BY DAY . . .

When morning flings her banners  
Across the patient sky  
Lady San Francisco wakes  
With a languorous sigh,  
And rolls back fleecy blankets  
Of fog down to the Bay;  
Or welcomes with sparkling face  
An Indian Summer day.  
Then the crystal air is like  
Exhilarating wine  
Challenge and fair promises  
The city's form entwine  
Like garlands—some fulfillment  
Held in each golden hour;  
At noon, quite irresistible  
Her gaiety and power.  
From early morn 'til evening  
The tread of eager feet  
Rings upon the pavements—  
Seems to defy defeat!

In shops you find Old London  
New York and Hollywood;  
Leisurely they wield a spell  
In beauty's smartest mood.  
A gown may look like Paris  
And yet a certain flair  
Will mark it "San Francisco"  
That subtle *savoir faire*!  
And then you stop for luncheon,  
Perhaps in some old lane  
Gay with marigolds and books;  
But in November rain,  
You may prefer a fireside—  
A quiet English tea,  
Or have a Russian salad  
On a Spanish balcony!  
Banked blossoms on the sidewalk  
Give streets a festive air,  
For Lady San Francisco  
Wears flowers in her hair.





The Civic Center—Opera House  
We all salute you now!  
Did someone call you beautiful,  
"The city that knows how"?  
There are some old shabby streets,  
Houses of crude design;  
Remember, these were built in days  
And in a harassed time  
When shelter was the object,  
And any kind of home  
Was heaven—facing struggle—  
Grim work for years to come!  
But who has ever risen,  
A city—or a man  
To heights of great achievement  
Until his life began  
To climb out of the ashes  
Of youth's first silver dreams  
And built his real destiny  
With life's more solid beams?

And now she reaches outward  
Embracing wide and free,  
The hills and forest gardens—  
Dunes by the tossing sea;  
And you may find in houses  
Old England, Spain or France,  
That still are Californian—  
Sure progress and romance!  
The haughty grand old mansions  
Along Pacific Heights  
Stand like a benediction  
Against the sunset lights  
Where the quaint old cable cars  
Climb hills in steep ascent,  
At every turn revealing  
Views more magnificent:  
The Bay and its three islands,  
Old Tamalpais, too,  
Where sleeps the Indian Maiden  
Above the water's blue.

The Civic Center—Opera House  
 We all salute you now!  
 Did someone call you beautiful?  
 "The city that knows how?"  
 There are some old shabby streets  
 Houses of crude design  
 Remember, these were built in days  
 And in a harnessed time  
 When shelter was the object  
 And any kind of home  
 Was heaven—lacking struggle—  
 Grim work for years to come!  
 But who has ever risen,  
 A city—or a man  
 To heights of great achievement  
 Until his hand  
 To climb out of the caves  
 Of youth's first silver thorns  
 And built his real destiny  
 With life's more solid beams?

And now she reaches outward  
 Embracing wide and free,  
 The hills and forest gardens—  
 Dances by the loosing sea  
 And you may find in houses  
 Old England, Spain or France,  
 That still are Coleridgean—  
 Sure progress and romance!  
 The hardly grand old mansions  
 Along Pacific Heights  
 Stand like a benediction  
 Against the sunset light  
 Where the quaint old cable cars  
 Climb hills in steep ascent  
 At every turn revealing  
 Views more magnificent  
 The bay and its three islands,  
 Old San Francisco, too,  
 Where sleeps the Indian Maiden  
 Above the water's blue.



Busy, dizzy Market Street!  
Do you yet find some rest?  
You bear the traffic's burden,  
Your head on Twin Peaks breast.  
Laden ships go out-bound past  
The friendly Ferry Clock;  
The whole world lays its treasure  
Upon each mighty dock.  
Fisherman's Wharf, the boats gay  
In virgin blue—bright reds,  
Sail long before the day breaks  
Out to the deep fish beds.  
Brawny Italian fishermen  
Mend nets along the street  
Or with hearty native calls  
Watch the returning fleet.  
Row of little fish shops,  
Each with its sidewalk fire  
Steaming crab and lobster pots—  
Dine here, if you desire!

What could surpass in splendor  
The skyline, sweeping high—  
Silhouettes like symphonies  
In stone, against the sky.  
Swaying Eucalyptus trees  
Wave their dark green plumes  
As if to bid you welcome,  
And hum their soft wind-tunes.  
Beautiful Yacht Harbor—  
The aquatic pier,  
Dipping sails and gleaming spars  
Curt'sy to Belvedere;  
And dear old Sausalito,  
Homes climb the misty heights  
Detached and solemn gateway  
To all Marin's delights!  
Jolly week-end crowds go there  
Where dappled trails enfold  
The threshold of an empire,  
Hills splashed with blue and gold!



The old Mission Dolores—  
Upon this hallow'd ground,  
A gentle padre's spirit  
Goes by without a sound.  
Uncanny to imagine  
So near to these dim walls  
The thriving, striving district  
The Angelus still calls!  
How proud the smooth, wide roadways  
Thru trim Presidio;  
By the old adobe house  
The saddened trees still blow.  
Temple of Art which crowns the hills  
Above the Golden Gate;  
Shrine to those who paid the price  
Of War's most tragic fate.  
Another like a candle  
Stands out—a shaft of light  
That adds its own chaste beauty  
To this historic site.

How could a pen describe the Park  
The little singing streams,  
And all the miles of beauty—  
It is a place of dreams.  
Along the beach, jade lined waves  
Leave snowy frills of foam;  
Children playing in the sand  
Start drowsily for home.  
The lonely cliffs at Land's End  
Where seagulls wheel and cry  
A giant Chinese lantern  
Sinks in a sombre sky.  
O, Lovely San Francisco!  
Long hold me to your heart—  
Let me hear you whisper:  
"We shall not really part!"  
I know that I shall wander—  
The ships still beckon me;  
With chastened, pagan rapture,  
I shall return to thee!





## SAN FRANCISCO AT NIGHT

The charm of San Francisco!  
With strangely deep repose  
Her beauty blooms at evening . . .  
The solid splendor glows.  
I like to dance to rhythm  
Of a night club's muted din;  
Sophisticated patter,  
I often revel in.

The silver gleam of tables  
Beneath the soft light's glow;  
The deference of waiters  
And smartest floor show.  
To see the lovely ladies  
Escorts in "tails" or "tux"  
Delights me with its glamor  
When we go out de luxe.

Or to dine in Bohemia  
Where flows the old red wine  
Of Naples—or in Paris,  
Madrid or on the Rhine.  
The food is sheer perfection;  
Each place unique in tone—  
Yet something of atmosphere  
Is San Francisco's own!

So picturesque, informal—  
To make the tables gay,  
A thousand color'd candles  
Have burned their lives away.  
Their waxen ghosts are clinging  
To bottles, where the same  
Fate awaits one burning, and  
Eyes meet across the flame.





The glitter of a million  
Twinkling lights across the Bay  
And boats like floating jewels  
Pass each other on their way  
Below the mighty bridges—  
Eight miles of lights or more,  
Like necklaces against the sky  
Connecting shore with shore.

Tiers of gleaming apartments  
That touch the stars it seems,  
Like guards upon the hills stand  
Aloof in brooding dreams.  
Sometimes in the Winter  
Nights warm as Spring can be  
And in the long midsummer  
Cool fog drifts from the sea.

Then Lady San Francisco  
Wears billowing chiffon—  
Drifting veils of silver mist  
She may discard at dawn.  
Memory of those evenings in  
My captive heart remain  
And always her enchantment  
Will lure me back again.





## GLIMPSE OF RUSSIAN HILL . . .

Across the street an artist  
To canvas plies his oils;  
By windows down below him  
A patient sculptor toils.  
In the tower here above  
My little studio  
A charming girl does languages—  
Song and scenario.

The man there at the corner  
In Broadway's heyday stood  
Right at the top, and now climbs  
Again in Hollywood.  
Across the court, a lady  
Who makes the air waves hum  
With articles on travel  
From Mars to Christendom!

Next door—he lives for music—  
Directs a symphony,  
Majestic themes like rainbows  
In waves break over me.  
He practices with records  
Meticulous baton  
Directs the winds and thunder  
His genius waits upon.

The lovely wife—a pianist  
With weakness for Bizet  
And then—the saints preserve us!  
They both begin to play  
At once! each is so earnest  
Both so immersed—intent,  
They do not even notice  
My gales of merriment.



I pause in consternation  
Concerned for neighbors' peace  
For have I not been singing  
An aria from Thais?  
Ah, well, what does it matter?  
The hill is silent now  
Tall hollyhocks lay rosy cheeks  
Against the maple's bough.

### Part II

If I could mould a symphony  
My song would not so lonely be  
As in the violin's soft cry  
I sometimes hear as I pass by:  
Does some lost song escape him, too!  
With all his being bent to woo  
Its beauty from beyond the star  
The eyes can see, yet no hand mar?  
In wisdom do the gods who teach  
Withhold some treasure out of reach,  
So that we seek and strive the more  
To even touch the sacred door?

### Part III

Climb further up the winding street  
To where the eucalyptus meet,  
Their dark green tresses lift and flow  
At sunset when the trade winds blow.  
And there SHE dwells, a storm tossed Rose  
No sadder songs could Grief compose,  
Drop'd from her fingers—poignant, light,  
Like petals fall to bless the night.





Nearby a girl—gentle and gay,  
Her gorgeous harp throbs thru the day;  
The touch of bard, and pride of kings  
It wears upon its golden strings.  
Weaving mute dreams, or melody;  
I'm almost sure I heard it sigh  
Between the verses of a song,  
And once soft laughter rippled long.

. . . . .

Some truly great who are no more—  
When maples rustle near my door,  
I sometimes fancy roaming still  
About this quiet, sunny hill.



## UNION SQUARE

In San Francisco's busy heart  
A place serene is set apart  
Where men may linger as they pass,  
And pigeons strut upon the grass  
Or circle monument and tree—  
How fitting that proud Victory  
Her arms in sure acclaim should raise  
Inspiring men to win her praise!

In spring the regal tulips hold  
Gay cups of cheer to young and old;  
Amid the traffic's roar and clang  
A bird's song thru the palm trees rang!  
Discouraged men new strength have found  
Stretched on that warm and sunny ground,  
And lonely hearts find solace there . . .  
We owe you much—Old Union Square!







THE CABBAGE FIELDS

The Skyline Road winds to the south  
Below the blue Bay's smiling mouth,  
Thru cabbage fields that may be seen  
To share the poppies' gold and green!  
Some patches are pure amethyst,  
The hill's breast bared to cool blue mist  
And solitude; the young plants there  
Unfolding in the morning air.

Where clouded hills are cool and brown  
A thousand rows curve up and down  
Upon the bosom of the land  
That once was barren, lonely sand.  
Then interlacing shafts of sun,  
That tantalize the cypress spun  
Into the fabric of each hill,  
Where crystal lakes are cradled still.

I'd rather BE a cabbage than  
A miserable half-a-man  
Who had not breathed with sun and rain  
Or known the joy and keening pain  
Of growing! Let me always be  
Array'd in true humility  
Before these green fields; let me know  
The beauty found in things that grow!







## THE BRIDGE

To contemplate the Bridge of Golden Gate  
Should stop our petty bickerings at fate!  
'Tis not a Bridge of Sighs, all dim and grey,  
For courage and high vision build today.  
Achievement! This is what shall henceforth be  
The measure of our aristocracy!

The worth of MAN—not rank nor greedy gold.  
This mighty thing shall blaze a trail untold  
As yet in minds and hearts of noble men;  
Give back to us our hopes, our lives again—  
The gap between the past and future days  
A symbol so magnificent portrays  
A monument to one who led us on  
With his own fearlessness, and work well done!

. . . . .

On! you mighty span of our blue waters,  
Where silent seagulls soar above the Bay;  
Onward, too, shall go your sons and daughters—  
Naught shall stay our greater destiny!



## THE SEA

I know I shall never live far from the sea,  
Its seething blue restlessness fascinates me.  
Having so much of the earth and the sky  
Should bring to that great heart some peace by-and-by.  
But even on days when it slumbers in sun,  
Deep smouldering strength for new storm has begun.  
I fear, while I love you, tempestuous sea  
Some challenge you fling to the savage in me!

When proud ships go out in white wake of foam  
I think of the hearts that are sailing home,  
And those who are leaving it far behind . . .  
(Ah, flaunt not your strength today, free west wind!)  
They are not aware that I follow them there.  
And some of each joy and each heartache share.  
Some day I shall go in the teeth of a gale  
To conquer you there with trade winds in my sail!

And after that day I shall fear you no more,  
But would I not then love you less than before?  
My strange woman's heart could not long be content  
Pay homage, to strength that to whims could be bent!  
I must test your power and thus know my own,  
For all your wide grandeur, your heart is pure stone!  
But still I shall sail with the wind in my spars—  
Firm hands on the wheel and my eyes on the stars.

If only your winds sweep black clouds from the sky  
My craft shall be safe on the waves rolling high—  
Thru roar of the storm and cold lashing of spray,  
Leave one steady light from the landward, I pray!  
When I have grown weary—the moon sinking low—  
Call the wild winds back to their caves down below;  
Let me reach the shore on your deep, gentle breast  
For a woman's heart must at last find rest!





R I D E

Ride 'em, sailor, ride 'em!

When the waves roll high

And the shrill Nor'easter

Blackens all the sky.

Ride! in spite of lashing gale

Or tug of undertow;

Soon each crested heaving wave

Must roll to shore, y'know!





THE TIDE

The strong waves thunder on the beach,  
Each blue arch breaking on the sand  
Reminding us that circumstance  
Moves steadily on sea—or land.  
And when the tide has turned again  
Debris is often stranded there,  
Thru dreary nights and torrid days  
Forgotten—scattered everywhere.

The hours pass—in unison  
Swings sun and moon and swelling tide  
The rolling rhythm beats again  
With fast returning strength and pride.  
In ebb and flow another sea:  
The waves of life beat on the shore  
Of every heart and float at last  
Flotsam with treasure at its core!







### A DREAM...

The source of life itself, I could not see  
But in the shade, as of a mighty tree  
That spread across the earth and touched the sky  
I stood aside, and watched all life pass by.

It was so vast—stupendous pageantry  
Swept on—magnificence and tragedy  
Combined; the Weaver's hand moved unafraid,  
A tapestry by ceaseless weaving made!  
Some gorgeous threads, and some as black as night,  
Not one escaped—it was a thrilling sight!  
But I? I had no part in all of this;  
Shared neither in the torment nor the bliss;  
Beside the vastness of the crying need  
I seemed less than a scrap of broken reed.

In deep anguish of spirit standing there  
"Dear God, let me," I prayed, "in some way share  
At least the weight of pain! Let one small part  
Be mine, that I may feel life's throbbing heart  
And give." Give what? For then I seemed to be  
A chalice holding naught on land or sea  
Save love; I saw that dark and ugly stain  
And tried to stay the Weaver's hand again.  
Of what use would it be—this one small cup? . . .  
"The others!" From my knees I stumbled up  
And clung to that relentless moving arm,  
My puny strength against his giant form.

The eyes that never had known rest or sleep  
Glanced pityingly at me—too sad to weep!  
"Their cups hold mostly hate—those who would give;  
Right eagerly they share them—God, forgive!  
But you who offer love—a precious thing,  
You keep it for yourselves, or merely sing  
About it to some loved one—I still say:  
That love is only great when given away!"



His laugh was strangely weary, strangely strong;  
My tears were staunch'd, and in my heart a song,  
Rememb'ring One who lived and died to prove  
That man must lose, to find, himself; and love  
The only weapon needed in the smallest hand  
To hold aloft, and so all strength command.

I touched the Weaver's hand—heard his reply,  
Wisdom of ages sounding at my cry;  
And in the living pattern a wider thread  
Of shining gold thru all the darkness spread.







C O U N S E L L O R

She's practical and—positive!  
The counsellor near whom I live,  
"Ideals, now," she says, "are fine  
But no man wants them ALL the time!"

In apprehension red curls shook:  
"Don't YOU get stuck on any book,  
Or lectures; or those songs you sing  
They'll GET you, sure as anything!"

The world-wise woman disappears  
And back across the hectic years  
A little girl among the pines  
Walks swiftly to the roar of mines . . .

Absorbing with the dust of gold  
The rugged speech, and life as told  
By old Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, too;  
Well, little neighbor—here's to you!





WESTERN NIGHT . . .

A lilac-scented night in early June  
I stand alone upon a virgin dune  
Of sunset-tinted sand, where lately spring  
Has left a beauty past imagining!

Alone? Yet I feel at this strange shrine  
A presence not human, but divine  
Some spirit of the Summer night, maybe,  
That flings its starlit mantle over me  
So that I hear, and long to understand,  
The sounds that break across the waiting land,  
And mingle with their breath of mystery,  
The distant drowsy murmur of the Sea!

The tender moon, pale bride of night, ascends  
In streaming veil of silver mist and wends  
Her stately way, like some beloved queen  
To meet her lord, radiantly serene—  
Then some of that rare splendor found my heart  
And bore it singing to a land apart . . .  
Tho nights may come that shall less tranquil be  
God grant that they may leave this song with me!







## WANDERLUST . . .

I stand here by my window  
And watch the ships go by—  
To distant shore of Singapore  
And back from Old Shanghai;  
I watch each stately passing  
And feel the old, mad thrill—  
I stand upon a gleaming deck  
Instead of Russian Hill

Beneath gigantic bridges,  
Beyond the Golden Gate,  
In swirling mist or glinting sun,  
I travel swift as Fate.  
I'll see a Hindu faquir  
And marvel at his tricks;  
But do not fret, my darling,  
I shall be back at six!

And sitting 'cross the table  
You do not know that I  
Have spent the day in Bangkok  
Or down in Old Hawaii!  
I walk thru dim, old temples  
And musty, gay bazaars,  
Or ride in silent wonder  
Beneath the desert stars.

Last night you said: "Mavourneen,  
What perfume do you wear?"  
Shure—that was only fragrance  
Of spices in my hair!  
And when I'm absent-minded  
That doesn't mean a thing—  
Except a slow returning  
From that day's journeying.



I sigh no more for Singapore  
Nor for the sapphire sea,  
Because the ships so faithfully  
Bring Singapore to me!  
They bring in dreams their treasures  
From Tabris and Peru,  
But I shall pray to sail one day,  
The seven seas with you.





## TO A SEA GULL

Bird of the Sea—poised in the evening air,  
A flash of snowy breast and silver wing!  
I wonder as I watch you soaring there  
Of what you think and why you do not sing;  
Whence came the matchless grace with which you sweep  
Above the storm in swift undaunted flight?  
On each long pilgrimage your silence keep  
That you may hear the mermaids' songs at night?

---

To ride a sapphire wave at break of day;  
Strange lands—you follow ships far out to sea  
Or dart into the rainbow-tinted spray  
And plant this yearning in the heart of me!  
What have you seen out there? Ah, who can tell?  
You love the seething waves no less than I,  
But have you seen their cruelty as well  
That when you try to sing, you only cry?

---

Or is it what you've seen in lives of men  
That keeps you silent—seeking some lost land  
Where weary hearts may find their songs again?  
Bird of the sea—I think I understand!





## K I S M E T

When ships go by at steady pace  
I feel the lure of some far place  
But I have seen  
The dawn's first sheen  
Paint gallant smiles on Erin's face.

I've seen the hawthorn bloom in Spring  
In misty meads heard thrushes sing  
Erin weeps long  
What to her song  
Will once again the old mirth bring?

And I have walked with restive feet  
Thru golden aisles of waving wheat  
Red poppies were  
Embroidered there  
Beneath the hedge of briar sweet.

I never dreamed I'd go away,  
But standing there in school one day  
I saw a name  
It was aflame  
With something—was it Destiny?

"S-A-N" I stood tip-toe  
"F-R-A-N-C-I-S-C-O"  
Within the year—  
Well, I was here!  
Erin! When I loved you so!

Now it is only in a dream  
I see the hill where bluebells stream  
Down thru the dell  
I said farewell,  
And wished upon the first star's gleam.





A lark's song trembled on the air  
Well I remember standing there!  
My wish was true . . .  
I never knew  
How varied Fate's caprices were.

But now I know that Fate is wise  
She has been kind; and in her eyes  
I see a smile . . .  
For every mile  
Of storm, some golden sun shall rise!





## NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX...

O, Mother Earth! within your patient breast,  
What yearning darkens all your hours of rest?  
The throes of travail you are bearing now,  
Can none be found to cool your fever'd brow  
Or ease the anguish that you bear alone?  
How long, how long, before we can atone  
For needless woe and all the deep distress  
As race fights race in frenzied waywardness?  
All, children fashioned by one God—for shame!  
How dare we even breathe His sacred name?  
You braved so much—freely gave so long;  
Return the harvests and the wild bird's song!  
Why wails at ravages of drouth and flood—  
Men drench your fairness with each other's blood!

Is Justice, or Principle, then just a name  
That man cheats man in spoils and petty gain?  
With friendship's hand, the calculating eye;  
Our pampered smugness scorns the needies' cry.  
In tortured pangs of this awaited birth,  
Shall such things perish, or must WE, O Earth?

So faithfully you do the Mother's part  
To each land gave out of your very heart—  
Enough for all men, yet in greed, and lust  
For power, nations trample in the dust  
The very things they strive for; heed no call,  
No pleading voice that on the night winds fall—  
The call resounding like a clarion  
From every blade of grass, and each day's sun:  
"To LOVE! to GIVE! THE SUREST WAY TO GET!"  
Ah, Christ our Lord, do not forsake us yet—  
Soon surely must the dark night's dawn break thru  
And once again we shall remember You,  
And kneel—kneel still more lowly at the feet  
That bled upon the cross, where we must meet  
Today, if we would end Earth's anguished pain  
And hasten birth of peace on earth again.





## NINETEEN FORTY...

Have courage, Earth, for to your fainting heart  
New strength has come, no human could impart;  
Habits of selfishness ingrained too long  
The fetters that bind you are much too strong  
To yield to plans of men—but every land  
Shall feel the pressure of God's mighty hand.  
Then, touching levels of humility  
Shall earth arise in true maturity!

Too long have we worshipped at the shrine of gold;  
As children fight for toys, we toil to hold  
Possessions; and ignore the heart's true need;  
And so, without them would be poor indeed!  
Within ourselves must we first build wealth  
(Riches we can bring when we leave this earth!)  
Treasure and happiness are waiting there  
As we run searching for them—hastening, where?

With speed that claims its thousands down the years,  
The ruthless record left in blood and tears . . .  
But can you see the first faint rays of dawn  
That bring the Light that all shall look upon?  
Can you not feel new waves of gentleness?  
Arms raised to strike shall soon remain to bless,  
And deep compassion for his neighbor's need  
Shall widen channels and man's own wealth speed!



God makes no promise He cannot fulfill  
"All things shall be added" if we do His will;  
Seek His Kingdom, and with quiet strength  
And love, bring heaven down to earth at length!



COMPROMISE

Even mild madness takes men nowhere  
Tolerance rules! To be just and fair  
Differing factions must compromise;  
In this alone the sane answer lies!

Violence—hardship? We've had enough—  
No hand that is true, can also be rough;  
And only true building and good can last  
So why drag foul measures out of the past  
To besmirch the scroll we are writing now  
On history's page! Let us take a vow  
To keep it free from the blots and stain  
That tarnish forever a nation's name!







H O G S I S H O G S

Why is it men and women  
Go crazy in a car?  
Put them driving on a road  
And right away they are  
About as sweet as alum—  
Polite as "Mussolin'";  
They seem possessed of rancour  
Will wreck you "cutting in."

Men pick up your handkerchief  
May NOT dance on your feet—  
Or stranger yet, may raise their hats  
When they meet you on the street!  
A man may be a decent man  
He may be poor or rich;  
But put him at the steering wheel,  
And he's a son of a hog!



## RETRIBUTION

Twice stupid and contemptible are those  
Who take advantage of their brothers' woes.  
We need no prophet nor an aged seer  
To tell us that the final hour is here  
When this last great adjustment must be made.  
No longer can the arm of truth be stayed—  
It moves with pointing finger to reveal  
The folly other days helped to conceal.  
Think you that torturing or slaying men  
Can slay the spirit that has prompted them  
To claim the heritage that is their own?  
Why not then, also stay the mighty sun  
That gives life to the earth and all it bears?  
As men give action and should reap in shares.  
They give their toil, their lives on bridge or tower,  
While other men supply the wealth and power  
That makes achievement possible; no rift  
Should mar the triumph of united drift  
To progress. At such lofty heights must we  
Step backward and return to savagery?  
The shame and tragedy of Alcazar! . . .  
Mistaken wrongs are not made right by war.  
How true the proverb as from truth we flee:  
None are so blind as those who will not see!  
Who will not see that to betray, oppress  
Is not the way to lasting happiness.  
The king who sits on England's throne—he knows  
The House of David must forgive its foes  
And strive as shall our own great land to free  
The world; and so fulfill their destiny.

---





H A N D S . . .

Hands that are gentle,  
Hands that are kind,  
Hands that are strong,  
And hands that find  
Time to reach outward now and then—  
How glad God must have been when  
He made hands!





**PAYOFF...**

We all have seen wealth held in greed  
When all about was direst need;  
Stood helpless while men have lost all,  
Or jest supreme—ironical!  
Bereft of power to enjoy  
The things ill-gotten pelf can buy.  
More bitter than the Winter's blast  
The boredom thru stagnation cast  
In selfish lives! to love; to give—  
The surest way to really live!

A heart will bloom in happiness  
Beneath love's genuine caress,  
Or lose its beauty, fade and die,  
Hide with a smiling mask, its cry.

When God presents His timely bill  
"Pressed down and running over" will  
The payment be. Kindness will draw  
Its interest too—this is the Law  
Not made by man—it does not change,  
So do not seek to have revenge.  
Compassion for it, takes the sting  
Out of injustice and will bring  
More than enough to compensate  
For feeble wrongs; a brighter fate.

To injured thousands I would say:  
Take heart! there is another day,  
But wait to see God's finished plan:  
Be true! and fear not any man!

---





**SALUTE!**

Here's to the man forced to retreat  
Who knows the crass taste of defeat  
But yet life's challenge dares to meet  
And still can hope!

Here's to the man who knows success  
Who having much, can feel no less  
Another's woe and deep distress  
And still can weep!

The man who can in loss or gain  
His equilibrium maintain,  
Keep dignity thru sun or rain,  
And still can pray!





THOROUGHbred

One cannot choose a thoroughbred  
Just by the way he holds his head,  
Nor from the points that make for place  
When men are entered in life's race.

A thoroughbred will always do  
The sporting thing—be ever true  
To principle, nor stoop to be  
A man of small, or low degree!







**SLEEPYHEAD**

Is it night or morning now?

That's what I'd like to know!

Eyelids weighted down with sleep

Dare not risk a single peep—

I MIGHT see some waking light!

Is it morning—or still night?





## E N V Y

Today a young and lovely face  
Seemed dull and harassed—lost its grace.  
A girl was singing; unshed tears—  
Then discontent in song appears  
And very soon the deluge came.  
She wearied of life's smaller game  
And longed for things; so much she sought  
Forgetting those that can't be bought.

And then I thought—could your heart bear  
To hold as much, and would you share  
Your beauty and your body's health  
For all the luxuries of wealth?  
Flowers have fragrance—birds have song—  
Would you exchange your gifts for long?  
You surely know that we must pay  
For what we have, in some old way!

Half the zest in every soul  
Is found in striving for some goal.  
Do you not see if each had all  
The temperature of life would fall  
In saturated selfishness?  
Then misery would come to bless  
Us with its balance; boredom's plight  
Would dim our days—steal sleep at night.

The car you drive—this frock you wear,  
At least now each may have a share . . .  
I smell perfume—and you have song?  
You've been deceiving all along!  
There! You smile—now you shall sing  
A gallant song with laughter's ring!  
Get on your knees, dear child—some day  
God will forgive—He's good that way!







## HAPPINESS

Life is not a Christmas tree  
With silver favors hung  
That we may snatch—nor think to hold  
The brightness that is flung  
Across the sturdy branches there.  
They have their place, and lend  
A warm and friendly radiance  
As to life's tasks we bend.

How quickly things can tarnish  
Or crush to nothingness  
When called to face reality  
In all life's storm and stress . . .  
A good job made of living,  
A house built strong and true  
Will bring more lasting happiness  
And save the "favors" too!




Someone to love; some toil, some rest  
A friend and—home; these things are best!





H O P E

When Evening enfolds Day with shadow'd wings  
And Night leans on the bosom of the sky  
The quiet darkness falls and new strength brings  
While weary hearts in blessed slumber lie.



But ah, how sweet the first bird's fragile song  
To those who have watched thru the long, cold night  
The reassuring harbinger of dawn  
Brings to the tired soul, hope's tender light.





CONFIDENCE

How Life dislikes a dour face

Or one that's over-long!

She comes to meet a merry heart

An open hand—a song,

Keep faith with her! have courage

That will not be denied,

And she will leave there at your feet

The things for which you cried!





SCULPTURE

A funny little block of stone once stood  
Around,—it might have been but clay or wood  
So nondescript its value; no one could  
Have deemed it fair.

Chisels in careless hands there—passing by,  
Struck blindly—tell me, can cold marble cry?—  
Not with malice but indifference—why  
Did blades cut deep?

Sometimes the touch of gentle hands would bring  
A rounding curve—tell me, can marble sing?—  
And all the bitterness of years take wing  
When beauty calls?

A statue there was hidden all the while!  
Did chance give it the charms that so beguile,  
For on its face is carved the strangest smile—  
I wonder why? . . .







FORGIVENESS

"Father, forgive them . . .  
They know not what they do!"  
If He could say that on the cross  
So, surely, then can I—and you  
Who have, perhaps, been scratched by nails  
Or even felt a sword's sharp point . . .  
Ah, find the way within yourself  
And feel His gentle hand annoint  
Your soul with this sure comfort there  
Beside a sweet, refreshing spring.  
Forgiveness to a faithful heart  
Nobility and peace will bring.





STEAM ROOM SOLILOQUY

"You weigh a hundred-twenty-four?  
Now me—I must be eighty more,  
And that's what I don't understand—  
My! the shower sure is grand . . .  
I don't eat much; my husband, he  
Is fussy tho'; you ought to see  
The steak and mushroom dish I fix,  
And what a cocktail HE can mix!

"He's grand; he brings the limousine  
To take me home—I'm so all in—  
'Now Baby, don't exert yourself,  
The can of ham there on the shelf—  
He likes the sauce I make with wine  
And plenty sugar—cloves—it's fine  
With salad; say, do you like crab?  
Or lobster? I put just a dab  
Of celery—the girls all say  
My food is good when bridge we play.

"These days there is so much to do;  
Today we lunched 'til half past two.  
You're going out? Well, I'll relax  
Awhile myself; this is a tax  
On one's poor nerves, this awful heat—  
But all these diets it can beat;  
The less I eat, the more I weigh  
God! the steam is hot today!"

•  
•



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 But all these diets it can beat  
 The less I eat, the more I weigh  
 God! the steam is hot today!"

## PROMISE

"They that sow in tears shall reap in singing"  
Immortal promise! and I lift my eyes  
As I hear the night with cadence ringing:  
Seems to fling across the wind-swept skies,  
The glory that shall fill my heart some day . . .  
Swift vision! yet it left me glad and strong;  
No night can keep that wondrous dawn away—  
When they that sow in tears shall reap in song!





SAVIOR NEVER LEAVE ME

Blessed Savior, never leave me!  
Sad my heart is that I grieved Thee  
Back there where the road was wrong,  
All the dreary nights, so long.

Fingers that were numb with groping  
And a heart almost past hoping,  
Lonely in a desert land  
It was there I found your hand.

Blessed peace came o'er me stealing  
Thy dear Presence brought me healing,  
Calmed the storm within my breast—  
Filled my soul with childlike rest.

And my joyous heart is singing  
Humbly to Thee service bringing  
Grateful now for lessons learned,  
And for peace that may be earned.

I long now to do Thy will  
Swift the days and happy, still  
Sad my heart is that I grieved Thee,  
Blessed Savior, never leave me!



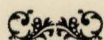




## SPRING SONG

No longer do I point or lead the way  
And only self and wilful thoughts hold sway—  
Demand my hurried heart's impatient choice,  
I've learned to wait and listen for Thy voice!  
Remembering the strife, the futile plans  
Until I laid the way in Thy sure hands  
Remembering each step, then hard to see  
My heart is stilled in deep humility.

Bloom laden trees, so lately stark and cold,  
Today with bee and bird may share their gold;  
The gold of honey and the gold of sun,  
Songs on the perfumed air of April flung  
From tiny throats, shame penury and doubt  
And from our thoughts cast all complaining out:  
Help me as faithfully to do my part—  
Keep me forever close to Thy Great Heart!





A P R I L D A W N

What do I care if gray are the skies—  
I find their blue in your love-beamed eyes!

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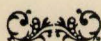
The window is brushed by a rose you say?  
That blush on your cheek in the new-born day  
Left there by the deep slumber'd hours of night,  
Is far more entrancing to my sight.

---

When fall pale curtains of silver rain  
The sunshine of your hair will remain  
To brighten the day—on your lips a song,  
Let April weep, the whole night long!

---

No outside storms can make earth drear  
When love's flame in the heart burns brightly dear!







SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY

A blue lake dreaming  
Among sun-tanned hills;  
Bright leaves of poplar trees  
Drift silently down  
Upon the quiet surface  
Of the water,  
And rest there  
Like tired butterflies!

Limpid tones from a silver flute  
Fall upon the end-of-summer air  
Losing themselves,  
As do our cares,  
In the vast blueness  
Of the sky!

And thru the warm night  
The lake washed the shore,  
Making a sound  
That was like soft laughter  
Of a woman  
In her lover's arms!



## A U T U M N   H A Z E

There was no inspiration in the day,  
The muse forsaken me, it seemed, to stay  
Until some caprice called her back again,  
And Autumn sang at last her sad refrain.  
In spite of brilliant garb and burnished air,  
The harvest's wealth that made the land so fair,  
The earth was still, for Winter seemed too long—  
Fit symbol of a heart bereft of song.

And then across my weary vision blew  
A swirling wreath of smoke, in volume grew;  
Its fragrance filled with so much poignancy  
Awakened half forgotten joy in me.  
Dead leaves were burning on the ground below;  
What then to fear in whiteness of the snow  
Since after that would come the vibrant Spring?  
Burn your dead leaves, discouraged heart, and sing!







## R E B U K E

I paused in the still September day  
To salute a comrade along the way;  
"A comrade in arms" I almost said  
And smiled at such nonsense, for instead  
The battle waged was a silent one;  
No sign of sword, or sound of gun—  
A fragrant violet quite alone  
Was growing there in a path of stone.

Flung down, no doubt, by some vagrant breeze  
In shade of the mighty redwood trees.  
What hours of dread did it bravely meet  
When men passed by on hurrying feet?  
With courage bred in the wintry gloom  
And valiant heart it had dared to bloom!  
Alone in the barren soil it grew  
And by my side there is always—you!





## M O T H E R

My gracious, gentle mother  
I wonder if she knew  
How much was taken from us  
When she departed, too?  
When bitter disappointments  
Would come all thru the years  
She had the gift of laughter  
That banished all our tears.  
"What does it matter, child?" she'd say,  
"The best is yet to come."  
Her voice, all lilting cadences,  
Her face a saintly poem . . .  
One marveled that a heart so gay  
Could also be so wise—  
And violets of Kerry  
Were blooming in her eyes.

Obvious magnificence  
Rarely moved her much;  
Did it seem affected?  
I only know the touch  
Of Spring in that first twilight  
That watches Winter pass,  
Or sprinkling of daisies  
There in the dewy grass,  
Could fill her with soft rapture,  
Some secret inner spring  
Would vibrate as to music  
And oh, how she could sing!  
Some source of strength she surely reached  
Spirit lost in song,  
When rich tones of her lovely voice  
Winged up thru every room;





Intent upon some simple task  
Unconscious of its charms  
Or crooning quaint lullabies,  
A child rocked in her arms.  
When pain's grim hand descended  
Or problems were in sight  
Her dauntless courage towered,  
And made the load seem light.  
Then, with her children singing—  
All six in lusty parts  
On firelit Christmas mornings . . .  
Dear memory in our hearts!  
My gracious, gentle mother,  
I wonder if you know  
How much you left here with us?  
But, oh, I miss you so!





TRIBUTE

A freckled, snub-nosed youngster came  
To me one day and said:  
"I've just been thinking, sitting there,  
Thinking about my Dad;

Not as my father, but—you know—  
As people—man to man!"  
And then the earnest eyes looked out  
Across the freckles' tan—  
Came back to look deep into mine.  
I felt a moment's awe—  
Yesterday's boy was growing up,  
And so much there I saw!

"Well, next to, maybe, Lincoln, he's  
The greatest man I know."  
My foolish throat was tight with pride,  
You see,—he's MY Dad, too!







HERITAGE

"Courage et espérance"—the words  
Fell steadily upon my ears  
How strong the spirit that has known  
The bitter baptism of tears.

For out of grief, compassion grows;  
When to the heart Spring comes again  
It brings new wisdom, deeper love:  
This is the priceless gift of pain.

When swings the pendulum of life  
And once again the bow'd can sing,  
What greater heritage can be  
Than that which Hope and Courage bring?

Be not deceived by quiet mien,  
The heart serene thru storm and stress  
Bears scars most deep—the greatest strength,  
Is that full grown to gentleness.





MY WISH

I'd like to stand on tiptoe  
And hush the clock of time,  
That marks the golden hours  
In this small world of mine.  
Outside the chaos deepens  
Ah, could I stem the tide  
Of bitterness, and share the peace  
That you bring to my side!

We, too, have known the struggle—  
Been forced to prove and stand:  
My heart cried out in gladness  
As we worked hand in hand.  
To finish, thus, life's journey  
Dear God, this all I ask—  
And my heart shall not falter  
At any given task!

My song—my self; so little  
These are to give to Thee  
For all the priceless treasure  
That Thou hast given me!  
And I would stand on tiptoe  
To hush the clock of time,  
That marks the golden hours  
In this small world of mine!





STRATEGY

What did you say, my darling,  
When you spoke to me, just then?

"I said that today I love you more  
Than yesterday or the day before."

I know—I heard you the first time—  
Just wanted to hear it again!





## C O M P E N S A T I O N

Why is it that with love comes also pain?  
And in the breast where happiness has lain  
Dwell overtones like minor strains in song,  
Have we distrusted Fate and Life too long?  
In opulence a certain discontent—  
A fleeting shadow tempers merriment!  
The granite hills above the verdant plain,  
In summer heat the blessed peace of rain.  
Do all things seek a balance, then, at length?  
The strength in weakness, and in weakness, strength—  
Is this the lesson taught by star and sod?  
"Trust on, dear heart, and leave the rest to God"!







MINX

Why did you in a dream return last night  
When you had safely gone so long ago?  
I was surprised to see you standing there  
To find that you could still disturb me so!



ACCUSATION

"You don't know WHAT you want," said he;  
"Last year it was a yacht and then  
The sables and the Pekinese—  
And now, it's something else again."

He moved—impatient to be gone,  
Between his lips a cold cigar—  
Glanced at his watch—"Well, 'bye my dear,"  
And off he dashes in his car.

Her smile was not a merry one  
"Know what I want? Oh, yes I do!  
You give me many substitutes  
But all I really want is you!"







## T R E A S U R E

"Why did you then awaken me from sleep—  
That was a thoughtless, foolish thing to do,  
When I was purchasing—had reached to take—  
The di'mond, emerald cut and river blue,  
That I have wished to give you all these years;  
You might have worn it now upon your hand!"  
My drowsy shred of laughter broke in two—  
If only I could make him understand!

When women wear love's peerless shining crown,  
Wrapt in the splendor of its single light,  
They feel more proud—more regally adorned  
Than wearing gems that would a queen delight.  
I still adore some glitter on my arms  
The sheen of glowing pearls about my hair . . .  
But not for rajah's hoard would I exchange  
The treasure that within my heart I bear!





## REMEMBRANCE

Do you remember  
When a little child  
And wakened from some troubled dream  
In stillest, darkest hour of the night  
Startled and afraid,  
Your childish hand reached out  
Touched some familiar thing—  
Perhaps one that had shared  
Your hours of play;  
And with a sigh of deep content,  
Your sleep flushed cheek  
Was laid again upon the warm pillow  
The memory of those play-time hours  
Mayhap the tho't of sunny days to come  
Made sweet your sleep  
Altho the night  
Were no more bright  
Than it had been before.

Time, perchance, has brought maturity  
But in the midnight moments of our lives  
We reach out still  
To touch some solid, long loved thing.  
It may be but a memory  
Of some golden yesterday  
That gives to our tomorrows  
Fresh courage, hope and cheer  
As we clasp it for a moment to our hearts  
So dear it is—so dear!







PARADOXES

I know a splendid fellow,  
Successful—brilliant, too!  
It's hard to reconcile with this  
The things that he will do:  
He frowns with deep suspicion  
When honest plans are tried—  
But gullible? 'most any crook  
Can take him for a ride!

I'm sure you've met this woman,  
A fickle lass is she.  
She always wants the other man  
Until she gets him—see?  
She tramps beneath her restless feet  
All who are in her way.  
I wonder if she really thinks  
It's **THEY** who pay, and pay?

And You—of hostile tone and look!  
Look out! or you'll go in a book.  
Would **THAT** be something? Oh, ho-ho!  
Sheer pity for you tho', says: "No."  
Only a heart that was very sore  
Would seek to hurt another more.

And then there is another one,  
The worst of all to think upon:  
Her brain is like a phonograph  
Recording years' old epitaph,  
But ask her for the key or book  
That lately in her hands she took,  
And you will see an odd tho't-tank—  
The whole thing is a perfect blank!

---

But don't you think, my Very Dear,  
That I've improved a bit this year?



SEVENTY-TWO AND TWO

Both asleep in the same deep chair  
"Seventy-two" with silver hair  
And "Two" with head like purest gold  
Nestled there on a shoulder, old  
Perhaps as we may measure years  
But young in courage, no sad tears!  
"Seventy-two" whose heart is light  
In spite of a long and tedious fight.

Tell him your secret, Grandpa dear!  
Could you give him a rule for fear?  
Or touch with magic his long road  
At its beginning? That abode  
Where you have found along the way  
A valiant song for every day  
That keeps you calm amid the strife  
Ah! help him to make friends with Life!







OLD WINE...

When we sat down to dinner  
Last night we wished that you  
Were sitting here beside us,  
And yet I feel you knew  
That when we filled our glasses  
With that rare golden wine,  
'Twas friendship we were tasting  
This bond of "yours" and "mine."

Not many words were spoken,  
But in each other's eyes  
We paid you silent tribute,  
Drank to unbroken ties . . .  
So much the years have taught us,  
Came test and change, and we  
Drank of life's cup too deeply  
To drink THIS carelessly!

Too many things have happened  
The world is all askew,  
And dynasties have tottered  
Since this old wine was new;  
But love and faith grow dearer,  
And friendships more alive!  
That was a magic gift you sent:  
Vintage of twenty-five!





## SPRING FLOWERS

I found your box of flowers at my door  
And knew they were from you even before  
I raised the lid and saw the loveliness  
That touched me like a summer wind's caress!  
A single golden rose, and hyacinths  
As delicate as dawn, their fern-spray'd tints;  
Then lilies-of-the-valley, pale green leaves  
A secret wish that only Nature weaves!  
White bells of fragrance, this their only song  
As silent as the things I know you long  
To say; but I don't mind this gesture—much!  
That Irish elegance—a subtle touch  
Of humor! Let it go at that my dear,  
This has been such a friendly, happy year!  
How did you know white violets would bring  
The final touch that to my heart is Spring?







CONSTANCY

Your eyes—deep wells of blueness  
Reflect the steady flame  
That is your gentle spirit,  
Is Constancy your name?  
For always it burns brightly:  
The candle that is you!  
No harsh wind sways to dimness  
This light so ever true.





MOONLIGHT SONATA  
(Beethoven)

True splendor and simplicity  
You blend, great maestro, in this mood;  
You reach beyond earth's measured rim  
And touch God's own infinitude!

The surge of triumph marches on—  
There comes a cry that is a prayer,  
Your genius could not save you from  
The crashing cadence of despair!

Then, gentle as the warm south wind,  
As quietly as summer rain  
The music falls, and peace is born  
In every listening heart again.

Master of song, and symphony  
Whose music speaks to every land,  
No need of words, your message is  
In language all can understand.

Beat on—beat on—majestic theme—  
Relentless as the pulse of life!  
Help us to hear the melody  
That rings above unrest and strife.







## INSPIRATION

Today I had a strange experience—  
And yet I feel it is a common one:  
I felt a song so very beautiful  
It left me stricken—I was blind and dumb,  
And strained my inner ear to catch some word . . .  
One arm was mutely flung across my face  
Lest some fragment of breath might shatter there  
The precious fabric in that holy place!

Still as the pools that in the forest wait  
To catch reflection of a star—too late  
To hold the magic of its radiant light  
Within some dim and lonely depth at night,  
Trembling, from one blanched cheek I brushed a tear.  
A gentle whisper then I seemed to hear:  
"To hear a song, see beauty, this is well;  
To feel it, leaves a mark indelible."





## PORTRAIT PAINTER

The artist takes brushes and palette  
He has not remember'd to say  
That you may neglect to powder your nose  
But should lock up your soul that day!  
From sweep of the brushes on canvas  
Those fathomless eyes he swings  
And marches thru each secret chamber—  
This man who has walked with kings!

Beneath every contour and shadow  
He traces the tale of the years.  
One sits in the high light of genius—  
Dear God! is he counting my tears?  
The clear flame you bring to your easel  
To this you've been faithful—no gain  
Or loss, and no triumph has dim'd it;  
We salute you for that—Douglas Crane!







ARTIST'S MODEL

You really should be quite nice to me, dear  
It seems I've an interesting line  
From chin to ear, and here to—here!  
Imagine! They think it is fine.

---

My hair must be handled with gloves of kid—  
Well, that's what the great artist said—  
NOT rumped! I could have laughed aloud,  
But sat looking dumb instead.

---

Now darling, don't you—I mean, AGREE  
That you should really be sweet to me?



## MODEL'S PROTEST

Yes, I can feel them rip and tear—  
The veils I usually wear  
About my soul. When you intrude  
One certainly is in the nude!  
Of no avail, plans to defy  
The glances from your mystic eye;  
I even wore an ermine cape  
A sort of armor meant to drape  
Some nonchalance, some steel as well  
About my inner self; but hell!  
It might as well be gossamer.  
No elegance in Arctic fur  
Serves to distract that probing orb:  
Brushes bewitched and trained absorb  
Your every thought, and place it there  
Upon the canvas, in the glare  
Of every sun. DO leave with me  
Just one small idiosyncrasy!







## CHINATOWN

There is a fascination  
About Old Chinatown  
That is beyond description—  
But if you're walking down  
Grant Avenue at twilight,  
A stray wind blowing free  
Brings pungent whiff of incense  
And salt tang of the sea.  
You'll see alluring windows  
The sheen of rich brocade  
In robes a queen might envy—  
Fine ornaments of jade  
And lapis, and of amethyst,  
Pearls in a gleaming ridge  
Iv'ry elephants en marche  
Across a teakwood bridge.

A massive golden archway  
Adorned some temple door;  
Beside embroidered haori,  
With sleeves that reach the floor.  
There are rare bowls and vases  
In exquisite Cloisonne  
Bright slippers and kimonos—  
Things that are simply gay  
And have no other value  
Except the cheer they fling  
Abroad in gallant gesture—  
Their gorgeous coloring.  
And then turquoise and coral  
A dainty carved old fan  
Made with knowledge that was old  
Before our world began!



There hangs a silken lantern  
Like a pale, glowing moon.  
You may hear a bamboo lute  
Play a weird, wistful tune;  
A mound of candied ginger  
On a Ming plate, among  
Some old herbs and spices  
Strange to a Western tongue.  
Then crates of ducks and chickens,  
Fruit, vegetables—fish;  
Chestnuts, comquats, beansprouts;  
An Oriental dish  
A visitor might fancy—  
Your choice will likely be  
Good chow mein or chop suey  
And fragrant, jasmine tea!

Quaint baskets and rice wine jars  
Along the sidewalks lie—  
Above the narrow street hangs  
A Maxfield Parrish sky;  
Which lends its own enchantment  
Makes fast the ancient spell,  
And then you hear the tinkle  
Of a swinging, wishing bell.  
Along the dim-lit pavement  
Come softly shuffling feet;  
Our solemn, brown-eyed neighbors  
Stroll up and down the street,  
And laughing little children,  
Some look like China dolls,  
Play shyly in the doorways  
Until the darkness falls.





You hear the moan of whistles  
From steamships on the Bay—  
The chimes from old St. Peter's  
Not many blocks away.  
Returning to Geary street  
Past shops of great renown,  
A mystic shadow trails you—  
The spell of Chinatown!



## REDWOOD TREES

Oh, who am I to stand like this before  
Your silent greatness and serenity  
To try to say with words the magic lore  
That you without them tell so faithfully?  
Before the changing panorama here,  
Unmoved, impregnable you steadfast stand  
And yet within your kindly arms each year  
You hold the imprint of this golden land.

No other soil was worthy of your strength  
And beauty, to this stalwart West alone  
You gave the soul of you, to grow at length  
And stand, forever, California's own!  
To walk along some dim cathedral trail  
And lay a cheek against your sun-warmed side  
Gives courage to the hearts who dare not fail  
The ageless thoughts that in your roots abide!

Within your branches by this laughing stream  
You hold the echo of the Indian's cry  
Deep in your heart you guard a sacred dream:  
The clear rays of the star in Bethlehem's sky!  
Full grown, e'en when the holy Christ was born—  
The promise of a greatness still to be,  
In patient solitude, you yet were torn  
And strengthened, too, by storms of Destiny!



Oh, mighty redwoods! when your boughs wave free  
Beyond the cabin windows where I rest  
Beside a friendly fire—the soul of me  
Sings yet another tribute to our West!







## MUSIC VERSUS MUSE

You were my first love, my dear,  
And I shed a tardy tear  
When I think of how I threw  
You aside—for nothing, too:  
Just a wayward, silly whim—  
All things young have to begin  
Trying wings, first here, then there,  
Life is calling everywhere!  
But I think I always knew  
That I should return to you  
And tho you're a trifle dusty  
And more than a little rusty—  
I'm glad to have you back again;  
YOU were faithful—dear old pen!



**B A N S H E E**

Have I ever told you, darlin', of my wee banshee?  
Sure, I couldn't do without him now at all, for he  
At times of indecision unexpectedly  
Appears and wags his little scarlet cap at me!

And if I disobey him, then an angry frown  
Puckers up his tiny face so tawny brown  
The gallant little gossoon dances up and down  
His wee green boots atrippin'—those that won renown

Upon the hills of Erin—and the bog lands, too.  
Ochone! I've heard him wailin' when the peat smoke blew  
Above the golden thatch—or in the meadow's dew  
When the harvest moon was smilin', yet his cry rang true.

No matter where I go he follows faithfully  
And when I DO obey him, how he grins at me  
His tangled hair shakes wildly to express his glee,  
Oh, I know now he's the wiser one—that wee banshee!







## MY DOG...

You asked so little, gave so much  
How often have I felt the touch  
Of your cool nose against my cheek  
When life seemed complicated—bleak!  
Your shoulder pressed so close to mine,  
Said: "Steady there!"—you did not whine.

So often, too, would I surprise  
A look so human in your eyes—  
Feel startled and yet touched to see  
Your deep concern and love for me.  
And once when words could not explain  
A long impasse—where all the gain  
Seemed piled up on the easy way  
I could not take; you tried to say  
That you well understood the code  
That left no choice about the road.

In what strange way did you impart  
The courage in your valiant heart?  
We romped in sun—were still in rain—  
Fought for your mortal life in vain . . .  
Tho years have passed, I shan't forget,  
And feel you somewhere—living yet!





REBELLION

Too many alien kisses on your mouth  
Have left their careless and ironic mark  
In shreds of disillusionment!—enough  
To nullify and quench a vital spark.

Why should I give you then my living lips?  
With all my singing heart for ecstasy  
Upon them—bearing dreams you could not share  
That shall one day wing to reality!







## TRUE STORY

I have a charming little friend,  
Her name?—her name is Rose!  
Along about two—three a. m.  
She wakens to compose  
There at her mellow'd Steinway,  
Songs exquisite as lace,  
Pianissimo, of course—  
'Til peace dwells in her face.

One night in a smart hotel,  
A song called thru her dreams  
The theme unrolled and brightened  
A masterpiece—it seems.  
At last she heard another voice—  
A violin—divine!  
It follow'd like a shadow,  
And gone were space and time!

Nothing remained but music;  
The violin next door  
Bewitched her with its beauty.  
She played,—never before  
Had music been such torment  
And yet such solace, too.  
At last it ebbed, the silence  
Was charged with grandeur new.

Next morning in the foyer  
Some hours after nine:  
"May I ask who has the suite  
That is right next to mine?"  
"That's strange," the clerk was smiling,  
"His question was the same,  
Before he left for Boston—  
Fritz Kreisler was his name!"

---



## RESOLUTION

You have thought you'd like to diet?  
Well, take my advice: don't try it  
Unless you can scram—you'll find  
Soon as you make up your mind,  
All the friends you ever knew  
Start right in, inviting you  
Out to dinner, lunch or tea—  
And it always puzzles me  
How the scales can climb so far  
With that snack of caviar!

Well, there WERE some things I tasted—  
Seemed a shame to have them wasted;  
Yes, I'll find a hide-away  
And count calories—some day!







TO MAC...

You said: "Now do a sketch of me."  
I scarcely know where to begin  
Because just thinking here of you  
So many words come tumbling in!

Our genial, jolly, gracious friend  
Beneath the bright lights likes to roam  
And yet, that warm and gentle heart  
Is happiest of all at home.

When things go wrong—they sometimes do  
In that big game of give and get—  
Mac crinkles up his long-lashed eyes  
And calmly lights a cigarette!

And you should see our Mac step out—  
On Broadway he was one grand sight;  
In tilted hat and twirling cane  
And stunning pants of black and white!

He works as hard as he can play  
His cocktails bear an awful whack;  
You're lucky if he calls you "friend"  
Your glasses, boys—I give you MAC!

# TO MAC...

You said "Now do a bit of me"  
I scarcely know where to begin  
Because just thinking here of you  
So many words come tumbling in

Our gentle, jolly, generous friend  
Beneath the bright light of your  
And yet that warm and gentle heart  
Is happy of all at home

When things go wrong—they sometimes do  
In that big game of life and joy—  
Mac catches up his long-lost eyes  
And calmly lights a cigarette

And you should see our little step out—  
On Broadway he was one grand sight  
In that hat and twinkling eyes  
And stanning pants of black and white

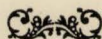
He works as hard as he can play  
His cheeks are as red as a rose  
You're lucky if he calls you "Mac"  
Your glass, boy—I give you MAC!

## GYPSY LADY

I know a Gypsy Lady  
Whose heart is just as gay  
As daffodils in Springtime.  
But, oh, she has a way  
Of sharing all your troubles  
When days are dark and long;  
She sends away the shadows  
And fills your heart with song!

I know she walks in spangles  
To tinkling tambourines  
And yet, a deeper longing  
Is often in her dreams  
For quaint old sunlit gardens—  
A walk thru Summer rain;  
Tea beside a cosy hearth—  
The lights of home again!

I love my Gypsy Lady—  
She's brave and true and wise  
But you can't see the spangles  
When England's in her eyes!







MY JEAN

My Jean—a dainty flower  
Caressed by woodland air,  
Like a deer in supple grace;  
All tawny leaves, her hair.

Blue eyes that still are searching  
Her spirit, wild and free,  
Is yet demure and modest—  
Charming simplicity!

Flitting from stairs to fireplace  
Swift movement of a bird—  
Flashed by in scarlet plumage  
Tho' no sound could be heard . . .

Her sudden smile is winsome  
Youth's unawakened dream —  
Slumbers in her gentle heart  
Be patient—little Jean!





PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A spray of creamy bloom against her gown  
Of softest black as deep as midnight skies.  
It drew my glance as beauty ever does,  
And then I saw the radiance of her eyes.

Courage lay there; understanding, peace  
As of a brook that danced into release  
And came at last to rest, content to be  
A center from which flowed serenity  
And strength; the will to be and do.  
I thought how much alike they were—they two,  
She and the spray she wore with so much grace—  
Reflecting there, the sweetness of her face!





TELEPHONE TWADDLE

I have two pet aversions—  
Some people now have none,  
But both of mine are talking  
Long on a telephone.

If conversation goes beyond  
Three minutes and a half  
I wish they'd write a letter  
Or even telegraph!

Important messages are said  
Then how the seconds drag  
I say: "Oh, yes?" or maybe "No"  
When conversations lag.

And did you ever listen  
To nothing long drawn out  
While waiting for a busy line  
To clear? and still they shout.

The shrilling of the 'phone bell  
Can make my heart to sing  
But when the words go on and on  
I loathe the gosh-darn thing!



# TELEPHONE TWADDLE

I have two pet aversions—  
Some people now have none,  
But both of mine are talking  
Long on a telephone.

If conversation goes beyond  
Three minutes and a puff  
I wish they'd write a letter  
Or even telegraph!

---

Then how the seconds drag  
I say: "Oh, yes," or maybe "No."  
When conversations lag.

And did you ever listen  
To nothing long drawn out,  
While waiting for a busy line  
To clear? and still they shout.

The shrilling of the 'phone bell  
Can make my head to ring  
But when the words go on and on  
I loathe the gosh-darn thing!

DANNY "WAGON"

"Danny Wagon—dat's my name!"  
Wagner was too much to say  
So he answered me this way:  
He was two—just yesterday.

Impish eyes smiled up to mine  
Then were slowly lost in thought;  
Blue with dreams—a sleepy tot  
Gazing softly—seeing what?

Then his mood had changed again—  
Song begun; was still'd instead  
As he toddled to his bed  
"Good night, Mummy dear," he said.

Danny Wagon—standing here  
Looking at you there in sleep  
Dimpled hand by rosy cheek  
Life seems suddenly less bleak!







CONSOLATION

Oh, darling child, like fairy calls  
Your gleeful baby laughter falls  
Upon my heart, and sends away  
The bitter cares of yesterday.

Your winsome face, the sunny hair  
Around my finger curling there  
Your eyes with mirth or tears that shine  
I shall remember—baby mine!

And if my path should ever be  
In places steep, or hard to see  
Enough to scorn what lies before  
Your fearless tread across the floor.

Ah, surely life will be to you  
As kind as I have prayed it to!  
Whene'er its calls come, far or near,  
May God be with you, baby dear!



## CONSOLATION

Oh, darling child, like fairy calls  
Your gleeful baby laughter falls  
Upon my heart and sends away  
The bitter tears of yesterday.

Your winsome face, the sunny hair  
Around my finger coiled there  
Your eyes with mirth or tears that shine  
I shall remember—baby mine!

And if my path should ever be  
In places steep or hard to see  
Enough to seem what lies before  
Your tender hand across the floor.

Ah, surely life will be to you  
As long as I have prayed it so!  
When of its calls come, far or near,  
May God be with you, baby dear!

V A C A T I O N . . .

When all about me so much beauty lies  
Why do I see in every star, your eyes?

When tall pines add their strength to mountain charms  
Why do I keep remembering your arms?

The Summer moon has drenched the land with bliss  
Why do I then awaken to your kiss—

To find but trees and sky?—of you, no sign;  
A lone bird's cry was all that answered mine!

The friends were kind—the place is very gay  
I heard it called a paradise today—

But I have quite another thought of heaven,  
My train arrives on Thursday, dear, at seven!







BLIND SINGER

Sitting in the twilight  
As day's warm shadows fled,  
Ether waves of sound announced  
A singer; blind, they said.

And then a voice streamed out of  
That box of wood and wire;  
It filled the room with radiance  
And set my heart on fire!

What beauty do you know of—  
Rare forms and coloring,  
Hid from our poor mortal eyes,  
That helps you thus to sing?

What anguish have you conquered—  
Frustration's dank distress,  
That gave your voice such timbre  
Devoid of bitterness!

The dignity you give to words  
Meaning in every part;  
Deep longing—and ecstasy,  
Its beauty wrung my heart.

Happiness? and ringing pride?  
And then—grim irony:  
The beauty in this weary world  
You tried to make US see!

Ah! surely consolation  
You find in your great loss,  
For out of this affliction  
You made a golden cross



To hold aloft in rapture,  
Triumphant, as you live  
Each day in hallow'd brightness  
That only God can give.

God bless you, fellow-singer!  
Long may your silver voice  
Portray the beauty in your soul—  
Make other hearts rejoice!







FLYING BIRD

Something deep within me sings  
When you go by with whir of wings,  
For this one hour you are free  
From cage's bars and boundary.

I feel something within me soar  
When you flash thru your open door  
And fly with softly rolling song—  
But you, as well, for home soon long!





## THE GONG

As silent as the Sphinx—inscrutable  
It hangs—the simply fashion'd, massive gong  
Until a touch releases mystery  
As baffling and deep as is its song.

Some tones like dawn—hushed, spreading dissonance  
One is the booming voice of old Big Ben  
I laugh—the gong in echo laughing, too,  
Responds to every mood—then sleeps again!







## DREAM HOUSE

Little dream house, looking down on the lake,  
Hard to believe one is really awake  
Reaching the end of the old shaded lane,  
Seeing soft light from each diamond-shaped pane,  
Of old casement windows—the wide open door  
Framing a welcome—sounds greet you before  
You cross the threshold; soft firelight within  
November without—and soon we begin  
To feel the charm of each cheerful room.  
And in the still lake the harvest moon  
And tall green rushes, the drooping trees—  
A night bird flying against the breeze,  
Low purple clouds with their golden rims  
Reflected there—Night sings muted hymns . . .  
Pine trees, eucalyptus—and oak  
Holding blue haze, hills wreathed in smoke.

The morning star is pale and high  
Fading there in a primrose sky.  
Silver dawn steals across the lake  
Golden pheasants and ducks awake.  
The sun paints patterns on the wall  
And morning sounds from the kitchen call;  
The whiff of coffee and cheerful clatter—  
Is someone mixing the waffle batter?  
Bright marigolds in a turquoise bowl  
Gay chintz at windows puts songs in your soul.  
The yellow cups on a cloth of blue  
Little dream house—sure, the heart of you  
Is built on beauty—with faith is filled;  
Under your roof all our cares are still'd.  
While scarlet vines to your windows cling  
And roses sleep to await the Spring

You shelter hearts held in love's wide beams;  
O, guard them well, little house of dreams!

---





## LIFE BEGINS

A fairy polished buttercups  
One early Summer morn;  
A skylark struggled thru his shell  
He was there being born.

"Oh, dear," he cried, "What shall I do?  
My house! It falls apart!"  
All night long the cry had torn  
His poor, wee skylark heart!

Crack! Crack! the shell kept breaking  
Despair filled skylark's breast.  
"Break thru, your house will fall on you!"  
(Ah, soft and sheltered nest . . .)

The fairy wrung her tiny hands  
And bowed her golden head;  
She rocked with grief for skylark  
And all earth's needless dread.

"Dear me," said she,  
"How sad 'twould be  
If mortals knew  
That all this dew  
Is fairies' tears  
For them! poor dears,  
They do not know  
Our secrets, so  
Their hearts still ache—  
And sometimes break . . .  
We try to tell  
Them all is well,  
But they won't heed,  
Tho long we plead.  
So all thru the night  
In pale starlight  
We sigh and cry  
'Oh my! Oh my!'"





And then a crash! The fairy  
Danced 'round in wildest glee!  
Poor skylark, spent, bewildered  
Was dying, so tho't he!

The fairy touched him shyly;  
"You think you've reached the end—  
But you are just beginning,  
My funny little friend!"

"Then why did you not tell me?"  
He raised his tiny head;  
"You wouldn't have believed me!"  
That's what the fairy said.

---

So often do beginnings  
Come in on silver wings  
When we have struggled thru the night  
And reached the end of things!





D E C E M B E R

The year is tired—weight of days  
Seems long, and hours lost in ways  
That grieve its spirit, nor allays  
The secret dread.

Waiting now while chill winds blow,  
Glad to rest, beneath the snow  
Called to hush the days that go  
To well earn'd rest.

At the young year's feet you cast  
Wisdom gained—is danger past?  
Surely we may hope at last  
For days more fair?

Rest then, weary burden'd year  
We have shared your every fear  
And yet feel the goal is near—  
The die is cast!







## THE HEARTH

Who has not seen the magic  
Of firelight change a room  
From just a pleasant shelter  
To friendliness and home?  
No house is quite so lovely  
That it survives the blight  
Of an idle fireplace  
On cheerless day or night.

No heart can be so empty  
Embittered by false blame,  
That does not build new courage  
Beside a cheerful flame.  
Dreary would this old world be  
Without the countless dreams  
That soar up sooted chimneys  
In clear, untarnished reams!

Love's flame fights a chilly wind?  
Things superficial, vain  
Are lost in gentle shadows  
When hearts are warmed again.  
To bridge misunderstanding,  
Disclose a true desire,  
Not many words are needed  
When flames speak in a fire!

They who keep the hearthstones cold  
Know not what joys they miss—  
Would forfeit, for a bit of dust,  
A lover's tender kiss . . .  
Rich the man whose childhood holds  
Memories of silver rain  
That drenched his dreams while firelight  
Danced on the window pane.



Some day I'll have a fireplace  
Please God! one deep and wide  
My heart shall fold its beating wings  
And rest there at your side.  
And I shall have the curtains—  
Not closed against the night—  
But wide apart; those passing by  
Shall share the warming light.







SLEEP

Sleep bears a priceless crown laid on the brow  
By gentle fingers of the silent night.  
Her robes are starlit dreams dropt tenderly  
As dawn breaks, and she flees before his light!

And while we rest there in the arms of sleep  
The spirit free to wander—who can say  
Which is the dream, and which reality?  
This we shall know when we awake—some day!





DAY'S END

When Day becomes a shepherdess and herds  
The autumn clouds like sheep across the sky,  
Winsome and dark, a singing cloud of birds  
Curves swiftly to a maple tree nearby.

They come to rest late in the afternoon—  
I've watched them tuck their heads beneath soft wings;  
Dearest—my own—shall you be coming soon?  
Your haven waits—and mine your dear heart brings.







SADDEST SONG

Of all the songs on record  
In any tongue or clime,  
The saddest in this world to me  
Is well-loved "Auld lang syne."

The grand old simple music  
Is somehow set apart  
From other songs—so bravely  
It speaks to every heart.

I often stand in circles  
Clasped hands so gayly swing  
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"  
The happy crowds still sing.

But now too many faces  
Are missing from the scene,  
I only hear the music  
As one lost in a dream.

Singing with other loved ones,  
The cup of kindness yet  
Is held in trembling fingers  
To those we ne'er forget.





## A M E R I C A

America! Your very name  
Is strength; no personal acclaim  
Or petty plans your stand betray—  
For long your destiny delay.  
You gave so much for—oh, so long—  
No questions asked; as free as song  
You gave with lavishness untold  
Both opportunity and gold.

Surely all your children now  
Shall rally as in stress you bow,  
With steadfast pilgrim's pride we learn  
You need our aid and deep concern;  
And still your stars and stripes unfurl'd  
Are looked upon by all the world.  
Are we to blush—be put to shame  
By other nations? We who blame—

Them for their lack of loyalty  
And prate about their treachery  
Dividing a united land?  
Yet they have never known a hand  
So generous. Proud we should be  
To sacrifice to keep you free,  
Help build upon the larger plan—  
'Tis thus you shall free every man.

Before your great magnificence  
Shall flee selfish intolerance  
We gladly live to serve you well  
Unscathed by revolution's hell!  
If we to you one service lent  
Then could we count our lives well spent.  
You have—and give—enough for all;  
America! You shall not fall!







## PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

"The East and West shall never meet"  
But here on lower Kearny Street,  
Where slopes once prideful Portsmouth Square  
Both East and West are surely there!  
In memory trees seem to hold  
As in a filigree the mold  
Of other days and old renown  
Below the crest of Chinatown.

The tempo here is slow; it seems  
Loath to awaken from old dreams.  
Within the West's postponed content  
And shadow of the Orient  
Came Stevenson and Sterling, too,  
Jack London's restless spirit knew  
The charm that in this old square lay  
So close to waterfront and bay.

The sailboat set in shaded shrine  
Bears yet adventure's glamour'd sign  
Altho its sails are curved in bronze—  
Dreams anchor'd now, alone it stands.





SILENCE

Today it seemed  
As tho' I walked  
Kneedeep in prayer,  
As one may tread  
Thru summer grass,  
Yet everywhere  
The silence grew.  
No winging words  
Mute lips did part.  
The hush of noon  
Lay on the land  
That is my heart.







Bo. 11-25-13 65<sup>2</sup>





